

No Use For A Name "Fields Of Athenry"

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By a lonely prison wall I heard a young girl callin'
Michael they have taken you away
For you stole Trevelyn's corn
So the young might see the morn
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay.
Low lie the fields of Athenry,
Where once we watched the small free bird fly
Our love was on the wing, we had dreams and songs to
sing
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry.
By a lonely prison wall I heard a young man calling

Nothing matters, Mary, when you're free
Against the famine and the Crown
I rebelled they cut me down
Now you must raise our child with dignity.
By a lonely harbour wall she watched the last star
falling
As that prison ship sailed out against the sky
For she'll live in hope and pray
For her love in Botany Bay
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry.

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